

which with "The White Monkey" and "The Silver Spoon" is now included in a single volume with the title *A Modern Comedy*. Galsworthy is, also, a humanist, but this "Saga" of his exhibits him as the detached artist presenting his material—and how admirably he does it—without comment. It has not, for instance, any evidence of the reaching out for other values that I found in some of his earlier books, most notably *Fraternity*. He has, almost wilfully, shut his eyes to man's relation to eternity. His people are pilgrims only upon this earth, conceived upon the deliberate assumption that all experience knowledge and progress end with physical death.

Arnold Bennett's last novel was *The Accident*, but I must confess that I read only the first three chapters. In his later books he has devoted himself to glorifying the life of aimless luxury, revelling in his descriptions of the manner in which men and women may enjoy great wealth by merely spending it, a theme that has no interest for me.

Among other works of fiction that have attracted my attention this year, I should give pride of place to Mr. John Cowper Powys's *Wolf Solent*. It is a very long book and has no "plot" in the accepted sense. Furthermore since it is written without the least regard for the conventions of civilized morality, it may tend to shock those who guide their lives solely by a consensus of public opinions. But Mr. Powys is before all concerned with essentials rather than with appearances. Wolf Solent's mysticism is of the pagan order. He seeks identity with the lower kingdoms of nature—a tree, a flower, the moods of earth—and fails to achieve any sort of unity with mankind. Nevertheless he is truly a pilgrim soul and is aware of it at least to the extent that Mr. Powys is himself conscious of his relation to all life, and it is a relief to find even such an awareness as this in a work of fiction. Mr. Powys writes with great power and insight, and this book of his is dignified by its complete sincerity.

I have said that I have found more impressive evidence of the movement of thought in recent science than in fiction and the drama, and my comments on recent literature would be incomplete without a reference to A. S. Eddington's Swarthmore Lecture, entitled "Science and the Unseen World." Professor Eddington is the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge and one of our most brilliant mathematicians. He is also a writer of unusual clarity for a scientist and has done more than any other man in England to render Einstein's theory of Relativity if not altogether intelligible to the layman, at least fascinating in its various applications to the design of the universe. For astronomical science with its now inseparable companion atomic physics has done more in the last ten years to smash the old materialism of the 'nineties, than all preachers. Experiments into the constitution of matter aided by mathematical theorems have been pushed far enough to reveal wonders and mysteries that are inexplicable by that old doctrine of causation which held such a spell over the imagination of the biologists of thirty years ago and made "evolution" the single word of power. Indeed at a public conference recently